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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Britain and Germany.

When this month's number of the *Deutsche Revue* appeared last week, the few hundred advance copies in hand were sold in the shortest time ever known. Even the German Foreign Office could only get one copy instead of the dozen which it immediately ordered on learning the contents of the *Revue*. The reason for this unusual demand was an extraordinary article by the British Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald on Anglo-German relations, says the *Daily Mail*. Admiral Fitzgerald opens his article by quoting Cobden's saying that he would prefer to vote one hundred millions sterling annually for the British Navy rather than permit any other Power to build a fleet equally strong. "In the next naval war," he continues, "England will fight for her very existence. Germany in her policy during the last thirty-four years has not shown sufficient love for peace to be regarded without suspicion." He quotes various examples of German hostility to England, sufficiently well-known to the British public, which have evoked the feeling, he says, that war with all its terrors may be preferable to being quietly but steadily pushed to the wall. "We know that Germany is not ready as yet to make war upon England, but if within the next few years, when the German Navy will have thirty-eight first-class battleships, England should be troubled on the Indian frontier or elsewhere, then Germany will probably try to take by force the great part of the world's trade now in British hands and will seek to annex fresh territories at British expense. I should regard war with Germany as a terrible calamity, but if it must come I should prefer to see it break out to day rather than postpone it for a number of years to a time when Germany has grown stronger. If Germany continues to increase her navy at the present rate, we must regard it as a menace against the British supremacy at sea, which, right or wrong, we must uphold because it is vital to our national existence."

What's in a Name?

The *New York Evening Post* tells a story of a publisher in Maine who issued 20,000 copies of a volume entitled "Natural History." His travellers returned with the report that it would not sell at any price. He stripped the book of its original covers and re-issued it with the title "God's Wonders in the Animal Creation." The change resulted in the sale of the whole of the first edition and a demand for a reprint.

The Royal Wedding.

With the return of His Majesty to England, the actual date of the marriage of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Princess Margaret of Connaught will be shortly fixed. It may possibly take place at the end of June. That it should be solemnised at Windsor has caused very widespread disappointment. As the Chapel Royal, St. James', where the Prince and Princess of Wales were married, is the parish church of Clarence House, it was hoped that it would have been chosen. Thousands would have been attracted to London, for it is some years since

the nation had an opportunity of testifying its loyalty to the Royal Family by participating in a happy event of this domestic character. As Princess Margaret is the elder daughter of the Inspector-General of the British Army, the marriage might very fittingly have been conducted with full military honours.

All in the Family.

From Switzerland is reported a village wedding in which three brothers married three sisters, and a sister of the three brothers married a brother of the three sisters at the same time. The officiating clergyman was the uncle of the three sisters.

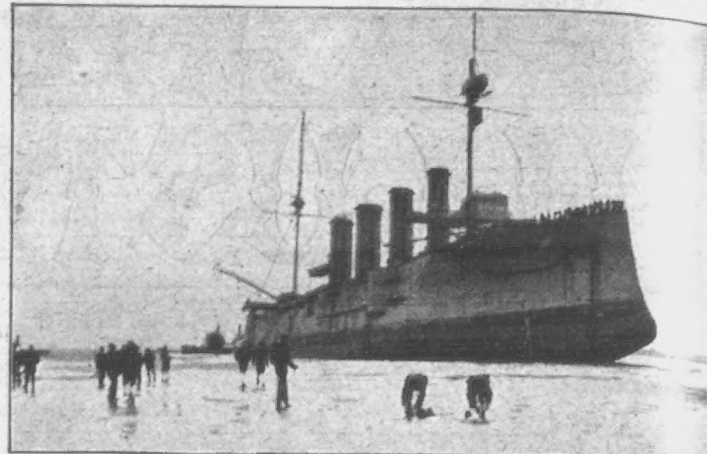
A Story of "B.-P."

Major-General Baden-Powell will preside at the annual "Mafeking Dinner" at Prince's Restaurant, Piccadilly, on May 17. It is not generally known that the hero of Mafeking became a soldier merely by chance. Destined for a University career, he made up his mind one day to enter for the Army examination merely by way of a joke. To his intense surprise he beat considerably



Photo, Maull & Fox.
General Baden-Powell, who presides at the Mafeking Dinner on May 17 in London.

over seven hundred candidates, the result being that he decided to wear the uniform. The General, by the way, uses both hands with equal facility—he can write with his left as well as he can with his right—and draws remarkably well. Like one of his brothers, who is an authority on flying machines, the General is a skilful inventor, and, as everyone knows, his capacity as an actor is such that had he gone on the professional stage he would probably have won almost as much success as he has on the field of battle. When General Baden-Powell in his younger days was Military Secretary at Malta, his flippancy must have been trying to his serious chief. On one occasion at a Government House function he was sent to ask a young lady to repeat a skirt dance which had been much



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
H.M. Cruiser "King Alfred," aground at Shoeburyness.

appreciated. The fair *dansseuse*, who was somewhat affected, protested that she positively couldn't, and that if she did she would be completely blown. B.-P. returned to the Governor looking rather sheepish, and hesitating as if there was something he did not like to say. "Well?" said the great man. "She won't!" replied his mercury. "Why?" asked the Governor. "Don't know," quoth B.-P.; "but she said she'd be blown if she did!"

Biographies in Verse.

"Misrepresentative Men," by Harry Graham ("Col. D. Streamer") is an exceedingly amusing little collection of the "lives of great men" written in clever nonsense verse. The subjects range from President Roosevelt to Joan of Arc, and from Nero to Mr. Winston Churchill. The biography of Mr. Roosevelt, "the people's peerless President," is very funny. Here are two verses:—

At 6 a.m. he shoots a bear,
At 8 he schools a restive horse,
From 10 to 4 he takes the air—
(He doesn't take it all of course);
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,
Some coloured man drops in to tea.

At intervals throughout the day
He sprints around the house, or if
His residence is Oyster Bay,
He races up and down the cliff;
While seagulls scream about his legs,
Or hasten home to hide their eggs.

Perhaps Mr. Harry Graham is at his best with Mr. Winston Churchill. The Pretoria exploit is related in this manner:—

In Africa, to some avail,
The outlook he distinctly brightened,
And when he reached Pretoria jail,
De Wet himself was rather frightened;
While fellow-prisoners, circumspectly,
Implored him to escape directly.

And so he dodged the sentry's eye,
And vanished in the middle distance,
Where he was much encouraged by
A timely vulture's kind assistance.
His friends with joy the news received,
And (like the sentry) were "relieved."

Mr. Churchill's traditional "modesty" is referred to:—

From Joshua, who, at Jericho,
His trumpet blew, and wrecked the base-
ment.
To Cain: (the Manxman) who, we know,
Devotes his life to self-effacement,
All men of worth, throughout the earth,
Are modest, as a rule, from birth.

Presumption.

There seem, says *Punch*, to be no limit to the pretensions of the half-penny papers. Some of these referred to the recent earthquake as a "seismic disturbance," just as though they were penny papers.

Bacchanalian.

A man who was fined for stealing champagne bottles at Brentford was named Bacchus. He was arrested by Police-constable Bond, and charged by Police-sergeant Wynne.

Interesting Mayoral Chain.

The mayoral chain of the Borough of Southwark possesses a unique and interesting feature. On each of its links is described the name of a famous man who was born in, or intimately associated with, the borough. The names include those of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Ruskin, Browning, Layard, and Spurgeon.

She Kissed his Bicycle.

For persisting in her attentions to a Eacnet gentleman, a dancing mistress of sixty was sent to Holloway, where the medical officer has certified her to be insane. She sent love letters by the shoal, asked him to give her a comfortable home "where she could sit and bathe in the sunshine of his smiles," and promised to be "a model wife, faithful, loving, and true." She dogged his steps night and day, accosted him on the streets, where her displays of emotion reached extremes. She greeted him with the sweetest smiles, addressed him as "darling," kissed his bicycle, and presented him with jam tarts.

Birds tried by Court-Martial.

A remarkable natural history incident is related by Alderman E. E. Phillips, of Sydney House, Bath, an ex-mayor of the city. At the rear of his abode in the Sydney gardens is a large rookery, and one morning this week he witnessed the assembling of about a hundred birds. They met on one tree, and appeared to hold a court-martial on three wrong-doers. Suddenly they fell upon the three victims, who dropped dead into the gardens below. One had a broken and lacerated wing, another a lacerated wound in the throat, and the third a severe injury to the head. Mr. Phillips cannot say what the offence was, but he suspects that Mrs. Rook was at the bottom of it.

Sergeant Brewer in Real Life.

The dramatic climax in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Waterloo," in which the old guardsman falls back dead after recounting his fighting days, is recalled in a striking manner, says the *Chronicle*, by the death of a Crimean veteran, named Friend, at Shoeburyness. After being unconscious for three days, Friend seemed to rally somewhat, and the watchers by his bedside noticed that he appeared to be attempting to describe something that was passing through his mind. Presently he was heard to mutter, "Hark! Music! The band of the 44th!" The old man raised himself up in bed, while a faint smile flickered about his face, and then fell back almost immediately. He was dead. Friend enlisted in the old "Fighting 44th," and was made a sergeant for a deed of heroism at the battle of Alma. He stood beside Captain Nolan when the "Charge" was ordered at Balaclava, and Nolan's body fell at his feet when the dead rider's horse stopped after the charge.

The Way to Wealth.

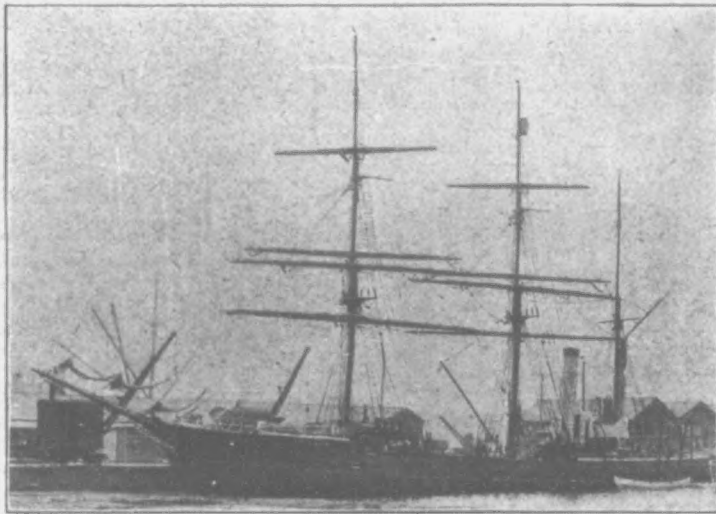
One of the West Coast "land grabbers," as the American term has it, landed in the United States in 1850, a poor butcher boy, and has since got into his possession a territory of nearly 15,000,000 acres, or one-fifth the area of the United Kingdom.

Plague Avenges Vandalism.

The belief that the present plague epidemic was brought down upon India by the desecration of Queen Victoria's statue in Bombay is widely held by the Hindu population throughout India, says the *Pioneer*. It is well known, the journal adds, that the late Queen was deified by the Hindus, even in her lifetime, owing to her long and brilliant reign, the extent of her power, and the veneration in which she was held. Her statue, the story came to be regarded as an idol, and the insult to it some months ago, when it was damaged by vandals, has caused her, in Hindu belief, to visit the land as an avenging deity, with a terrible pestilence. The result has been to bring Bombay into bad odour with the rest of India.

The May Meetings.

As many as twenty-two meetings have been housed in Exeter Hall in a single day, and when the May meetings are at their height, an average of 15,000 people is gathered within its walls between each morning and evening, and from first to last the number who attend each year's gatherings is estimated by Exeter Hall experts at 230,000. The annual onslaught of eloquence has gathered in strength with the years. From one hundred meetings twenty years ago, the number has sprung this year to nearly four hundred. The modern May meeting is admittedly a very different institution from the old style of May gathering, chiefly remarkable for the dowdiness of the audience, the dreariness of the reports



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
THE "TERRA NOVA" AT THE WEST INDIA DOCK.
This vessel starts shortly on a Polar expedition



SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.

Missing Curios.

The story of an incident which marred the pleasure of a summer holiday at Westcliff, Southend, was related to Mr. Justice Ridley. Mr. and Mrs. Willis decided in August last to go to Westcliff for their annual outing. They were only to be away for a week, and they took a room for 10s. 6d. at Cardiff House from a Mrs. Martin. They had to return on the morning of August 15, and went to the station with their luggage. Mrs. Willis then returned to Cardiff House and paid the rent. She had just got back to the station when Mrs. Howard, the mother of Mrs. Martin, appeared on the scene, and there was a "tornado of ferment." According to Mr. and Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Howard accused them of having left without paying their rent, and of having stolen two valuable vases worth £40. Mr. and Mrs. Willis indignantly denied both charges, when Mrs. Howard told them they were liars as well as thieves, and insisted upon their luggage being searched. Mr. and Mrs. Willis agreed on condition that this was done in the presence of a policeman. The stationmaster refused to allow the luggage to be put into the train, and Mr. and Mrs. Willis returned to Cardiff House, where, after an interval of two hours, a constable was fetched and the luggage searched. The missing vases were not found, and it subsequently transpired that Mr. Martin, who was a dealer in curios, and had brought the vases home to show a

friend, had taken them back to town by an early train that morning unknown to his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Willis now brought an action for slander against Mrs. Howard for the reckless statements she was alleged to have made on the platform at Westcliff station. Mrs. Howard's story was that on the morning of August 15 her daughter went up to the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Willis, and found they had gone without paying the 10s. 6d. due. The curios were missing, and she thought the circumstances suspicious. She denied calling Mr. and Mrs. Willis thieves. The jury awarded Mr. and Mrs. Willis £50 damages.

A Tiny Engine.

Mr. Cunningham, of Eaton, Indiana, has constructed the smallest engine in the world. Although it will stand upon a five-cent piece it is run by steam and moves at a remarkable speed.

Navy's "First Aid."

A special committee appointed by the Admiralty has selected certain places on battleships and cruisers as operating-rooms for the "first aid" treatment of wounded. They have chosen two "operating sites," one about 20ft. aft of the engines, on a sort of platform below the protected deck; the other about 20ft. forward of the boilers. The doctors will be stationed at these points. Ammunition alleys extend along the intervening space, and there will be scant accommodation for wounded, owing

"general" is an energetic man with a resounding voice, which, coupled with his energetic personality and crimson Socialistic tie, would earn him, no doubt, a considerable reputation beneath the Reformers' Tree. He hammered home his speech with a pair of flits used to the making of boots. He was going to lead his army victoriously to London, he said, making the House of Commons his goal, where he would demand from Mr. Arnold-Forster a fair minimum price for Army boots. As the speech ended, one of the marchers blew violently upon a bugle, and the army came into being. Men with wives said: "Cheer up, old girl," and the wives shouted back: "Mind you come home safe." There was really not one little note of sadness about the departure. Everybody laughed. Speaking generally, the effect of the furbishing up of the army was magnificent. The men's boots were resplendent with the shiniest blacking, their collars gleamed snowy white, and most of them wore "Sunday black." Many of the men had little knapsacks strapped across their shoulders, while a few carried parcels in their hands. "Form fours! Right turn! Quick march!" roared the stentorian voice of the "general." The diminutive band struck up the fine old hymn tune of "Edwinstowe," and the army was

road, indeed, from Clapham to Bedford was lined with people, and heads were thrust from every window. Clouds of cyclists scoured the country looking for the marchers. When they got to the city boundaries practically every small boy in Bedford was on the watch. The band was playing the same hymn tune as when the army started. The crowd fell into line and followed the army, and the procession down the High Street became a mighty one. The men with the collecting-boxes ran among the crowd, and the response was generous—far more generous than the men had hoped. There was also a wonderful display of the kindness which the poor invariably show to the poor. Workmen of Bedford went up to the "general" or the commanders of the companies and offered to take care of one or two of the men in their little homes. One resident had already offered to put up sixty-five of the army, so there was little difficulty in billeting all the men.

Best Motoring Story.

A strange experience of a medical motorist is recorded by the *Sydney Bulletin*. The doctor was out in his car recently when he ran down a pedestrian. He looked behind him, and seeing the man still prostrate, made a circuit and ran back, intending to stop beside and help him,



Photo, Illustration Bureau.

THE COOKERY AND FOOD EXHIBITION AT VINCENT SQUARE: Our picture shows the schoolgirls from the Burdett-Coutts school making a three-course dinner which costs fourpence a head.



Photo, Illustration Bureau.

BACK FROM HIS HOLIDAY: H.M. the King landing at Dover from ss. "Onward" last week.

to the rush of men detailed for work in supplying ammunition, running the hoists, barrows, etc. After the wounded have been actually operated upon there will be no place for them save in these small spaces, where they will be in everyone's way. The reason for selecting operating-rooms below the protected deck is, of course, that the doctors must have a safe place in which to work. Hooks are being placed throughout the engine and boiler rooms for the slinging of haversacks containing "first aid" appliances for burns and scalds, and the men in the engineering department are at present taking "first aid" lessons. The idea is to make the engine and boiler rooms "self-contained" when in action, and let the occupants look after their own injuries as far as possible.

"M. King of England."

An enormous number of letters from French people were received at the Hotel Bristol for the King during his recent stay in Paris. One letter was addressed, "To his Royal Highness Prince of Wales, King of England." A second letter bore the inscription, "M. King of England"; and yet another was addressed, "Milord Albert Edward VII., Incognito, Hotel Bristol."

The Bootmakers' March.

"General" Gribble with his army of military bootmakers on strike began their march from Raunds, in Northamptonshire, to London on Monday. All Raunds was there; that is to say, some 3,000 persons were gathered together in an uncomfortably small space. At first the men mingled with the crowd, with their wives, their families, and their friends, and the little village hummed with conversation. Then "General" Gribble climbed on a chair and called for silence. The

on its way. For half-an-hour or so a rabble trotted beside it, hurling humorous remarks at the marching army, but the men were much too solemn and dignified about their important mission to deign any reply. Then, too, "General" Gribble, striding sturdily ahead with a collecting-box, is reported to have eyes in the back of his head, and is a strict disciplinarian. In spite of the elimination process on the score of age, five members of the army were over fifty, while one fine sturdy man was in his sixtieth year. Some of them had not a single penny in their pockets, but they swung away at the rate of about four miles an hour, and did not break the ranks till a halt was called midway between Raunds and Rushden. Bedford waited for the coming of the marchers long before they arrived. The

but the motor-car shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. The doctor turned his car once more, and was cautiously stealing near to the prostrate sufferer when an excited spectator rushed from the side walk, and, shaking the victim, exclaimed, "Look out; he's coming at you again!" whereupon the man scrambled up and started to run.

£50,000 Fire at Croydon.

Damage which is estimated at nearly £50,000 was done by a fire which broke out late last Sunday night at Messrs. Godson and Dobson's timber yard at Croydon. The fire burned furiously until the next morning, and smouldered all through the day. It was not expected that it would be extinguished for two or three days.



Photo, C. H. Park

THE MARCH TO LONDON.

"General" Gribble and his army of shoe-makers on their way to present their petition to the War Office.



Mr. Rogers photographing on Lake Baikal. The small black objects in the distance are trucks being drawn by horses across the frozen lake.

Tolstoy at Home.

When Burton Holmes, the American traveller who is now lecturing at the Bechstein Hall, was in Moscow some time ago he desired to meet Count Tolstoy, and he sent an interpreter to ask if a visit would be agreeable. The emissary met the nobleman as he was leaving his home, and told him the object of his call. "I am not at home to all the world," said Tolstoy, "and, above all I am not at home to interviewers, but an American can always find me." "This message rather puzzled me," said Mr. Holmes, in describing his experience, "as I did not know whether to regard it as an invitation or a challenge. But I called at Tolstoy's home a few days later, and was told that he had gone to his summer home, Yasnaya Polyana, six hours' journey by rail. I made the journey, and then rode eight or nine miles in a carriage to the Count's country seat. I had heard much of Tolstoy as an early riser, and I reached his home at 8.30 o'clock in the morning, and no one was astir, though two peasant women were sitting in the yard waiting to see the Count. I went away and spent some time in the village, which was indescribably filthy and poverty stricken, though no worse than other villages to be seen in various parts of Russia. The villagers were insistent in their requests for alms, and servilely thankful for small gifts. When I returned to Yasnaya Polyana, which means Bright Plain, I found the two peasant women still seated on the bench. Tolstoy soon appeared, and, after a brief greeting, said: 'You must excuse me. These poor women first. They have had a fire and have lost many things. I must speak with them.' This was probably all sincere, but the scoffer might have suggested that it was entirely too dramatic and well staged. There was the lord of the manor hurriedly courteous to his foreign guest, and then devoting his time to his own people. Tolstoy was attired in the costume of the moujik, but he looked distinguished even in the peasant's garb. He speaks English plainly, though with an accent that reminds one of Sir Henry Irving, with an added Gallic twist. I breakfasted with Count Tolstoy, and he talked of many things. He explained his views that there should be no law, and that no man has a right to condemn or

judge another, and that religion is retarding Russia and its people." The accompanying picture of Tolstoy and his grandchildren was made by Mr. Holmes in the yard of the Count's home, Tolstoy readily posing when requested. In Mr. Holmes' travelogue on "Russia" he also shows a bioscope picture of Count Tolstoy walking in his garden and playing with his grandchildren.

At the Front with a Camera.

At a series of special matinees at the Alhambra, a series of animated pictures of the siege and fall of Port Arthur are being given, the like of which has never before been attempted. These striking pictures, often taken in the advance trenches of the Japanese at the greatest personal risk, illustrate not only the irresistible nature of the Japanese advance, but demonstrate also the infinite care and attention to detail with which their campaign has been conducted. They were taken by Mr. Rosenthal, who also served through the South African campaign for the same company. He carries a large stand camera to which a steel bullet-proof shield has been attached, in order to lessen the risk of injury to the operator when taking photos in the firing line. Mr. Rosenthal has been supplied during the campaign with about three and a half miles of film, most of which has been used. The films, when being exposed, pass through the camera at the rate of fifty feet to the minute, at a cost of £1. Mr. Rogers, another bioscope correspondent who has been with the Russian forces, only just managed to get his pictures home. Whilst at Harbin he heard that a new



A novel sketch of Mr. Rosenthal, an intrepid photographer, sketched by the "Daily Mail" war correspondent in the trenches before Port Arthur.

to attack their centre. West of the Danlaoho large forces of Chunchuses extend to the Mongolian frontier. The river has been bridged with pontoons along the road from Fakumin to Huandesan, where stores and transport are being accumulated. The country is almost clear of natives. In short, the situation is precisely similar to those which preceded the great battles of Liacyang and Mukden.



ON ACTIVE SERVICE: The special correspondents of "Gil Blas" and the Bioscope Company at the front.

Press censor had been appointed, who was going to seize all photographs and cameras and have them destroyed, as they gave too realistic an impression of the scene of warfare. Mr. Rogers cleared out the same night, and succeeded in getting his films safely home. He was the only correspondent there who did so.

Forty Years After.

A new peril of war is exposed in the *Scientific American*. A fire recently took place among the woods opposite Harper's Ferry, where an encounter took place between General Mills and Stonewall Jackson in 1862, when the former General surrendered. After the woods had been burning fiercely for some time a series of violent explosions were heard, which are believed to have been caused by live shells which had been fired more than forty years ago and had become embedded in the soil.

Signs of a Land Battle.

The war correspondent of the *S'ovo* telegraphs that Japanese preparations for another attack in Manchuria are now clearly defined. "The enemy are massing their forces just as before. In the first line are three army corps. On the left, approximately from the confluence of the Danlaoho to Changtufu, is Nogi; more to the east is Nodzu; and in the valley of the Hunho, General Kawamura. The remaining two armies form a reserve, and are stationed south of Tieling. The disposition of the force is deep enough to ensure the Japanese against any Russian attempts to outflank them or

Reform by Nose Twisting.

An artillery officer, named Elsner, was sentenced by court-martial at Strasburg to five months' imprisonment and reduction to the ranks for ill-treatment of soldiers. Elsner had introduced a curious disciplinary measure, which was known as "reform by the nose." It consisted of gripping the noses of his men and twisting them round. To drown the cries of the tortured soldiers, their comrades were ordered to sing patriotic songs. For this reason the company became known as the "jolly squad."

Nasty Things Said About the Tsar.

The Tsar wants his people to "stand by him"—but not too close.—*The Chicago Tribune*.

Hereafter when we discuss the war we intend to talk familiarly about The Pass. It is the first name we have been able to pronounce.—*The Atchison Globe*.

"The Russian soldiers are pinched by hunger," say a Mukden cable. There is evidence, also, that they are pinched by the Japanese.—*The Washington Post*.

It is not surprising to learn that the Japanese yesterday "attacked the Russian right." They have never attacked the Russian any other way.—*The Kansas City Star*.

According to yesterday's despatches from St. Petersburg, General Linievitch was in a particularly dangerous position. He had General Nogi surrounded.—*The Chicago Tribune*.

The Legs of Tibet.

Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Iggulden, chief staff officer of the Tibet Mission Force, told a good story of the wit of Tommy Atkins at the Royal United Service Institution.

"Look here, Bill," said an indignant soldier, after hours of weary climbing, "I've had enough of this. I was told that Tibet was a blooming table-lard."

"So it is," replied his chum. "Can't you see you're climbing up one of the legs?"

Russia's Sinister Plot.

The growing irritation of the Japanese people at the prolonged stay of Admiral Rodjestvensky's Baltic fleet in Indo-French waters is causing the liveliest satisfaction in Russian official circles. It is sincerely hoped here that France will be drawn into the Eastern imbroglio in order to force her to take a hand in the war according to her treaty obligations. Russia's hopes and diplomacy have all along been directed to this end, and official opinion here is to the effect that, if Japan can only be drawn into the committal of an overt act against France, Russia will see her way out of her present difficulties. This would, of course, mean the par-



The Russian Crimean Veteran who has just been rewarded by the Tsar.

icipation of Great Britain in the struggle—a contingency for which every Russian bureaucrat is praying at the present time.

How the Russian Workman Lives.

Writing in the *Quiver* magazine on "How the Russian Poor Live," Mr. L. Villari gives details of the food of the workers: Food for factory workers is sometimes provided by the employer, and paid for in various ways. Many mill owners keep food shops on their own premises, where the hands can purchase what they need; in other cases the shop is farmed out to a middleman. Either the buyer pays cash down or his purchase is written off against him in his account book and deducted from his wages. The system leads to many abuses, for, although there is a strict Government supervision over these shops, and a control over the price and quality of the food, the workmen, who are naturally improvident, are allowed to run up bills, so that they often receive no wages at all, but are perpetually in debt to their employers.



Mr. Rogers, the Bioscope special correspondent, at work.

The workmen cannot be compelled to buy their food at the factory shop, but it is sometimes made unpleasant for them if they do not; and very often there is no other eating-house within reach. Otherwise—and many factories in St. Petersburg have no feeding arrangements at all—they go to the *traktir*, or cheap restaurant. These are very modest and uninviting establishments, with low-ceilinged rooms, greasy tables, and dirty floors. Here, too, the unfortunate artisan is apt to be exploited by his host and induced to get into debt so that his custom may be forcibly retained. The food of the Russian lower classes consists of rye bread, *shchi*, or cabbage soup, *basha* (a sort of gruel), vegetables, and occasionally dried fish or a little meat. It is a common practice for a number of workmen to form themselves into an *arid* or co-operative society for the purchase of provisions. In this way they can be fed for five to seven roubles a month. The everyday beverage is tea, which is drunk with sugar but without milk at all hours. In summer there is *kvas*, a non-alcoholic drink made out of bread or out of certain berries; it is very refreshing and wholesome in hot weather. But the Russian loves his *vodka* best of all. It is made of fermented potatoes, and that of the better quality, such as you get in private houses or large restaurants, may be not unpalatable, but the commoner sorts are like the strongest spirits of wine. The workman or peasant cannot afford to drink it every day, but when he has saved up enough he buys a bottle and gets thoroughly drunk. It is a common sight to see men dead drunk, lying in the middle of the road at 10 a.m., and in winter quite a number of people drop down "under the influence" in the snow and are frozen to death. *Vodka* cannot be obtained at the *traktir*, but is bought at special shops, since it has become a State monopoly.

Officers Dismissed.

General Linievitch, according to the Exchange Telegraph Company's St. Petersburg correspondent, has dismissed many officers owing to their sympathetic tendencies towards the revolutionaries in Russia.



TOLSTOY AND HIS FAMILY: A unique photograph, taken by Mr. Burton Holmes.



PORT ARTHUR: Inside the West Uhlung Fort, where 160 prisoners were entombed. The last fort taken by the Japs on December 31 last year.



Photo, Frith.

The most curious church in the world exists on Reigate Heath. It has been built in an old mill.

The Crown Prince.

An interesting personal study of the German Prince Imperial has just been published in Berlin by a person so well placed for observation as his late music master. The estimate is a good one, and shows the Prince to be possessed of solid character, strong enough to hold aloof from dissolute associations, and endowed with marked interests and sympathies, which he has will enough to assert. He will not, in the writer's view, be so self-assertive as his father, but he will be more cool and self-possessed. In habits of thought he greatly resembles William I., his great-grandfather.

Three Vergers in 162 years.

Mr. James Carne, vergers of St. Colum Minor, celebrated his 101st birthday recently. His grandfather served as vergers for nearly fifty years, his father for fifty-four years, and the present vergers has performed the duties for fifty-eight years.

Unique Decoration.

Old Southwark Chapel, Long Lane, S.E., is shortly celebrating its 100th Sunday school anniversary in a very novel way. The interior of the chapel is to represent a palm forest, each pillar in the chapel to take the form of a palm-tree.

Spread of the Bible.

The Marquis of Northampton presided at the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society last week, when it was reported that over 5,857,000 copies of the Scriptures were issued last year. The total issues since the foundation was 192,538,000, complete or in parts. About 350,000 copies of the Russian and Japanese Scriptures had been given away amongst the troops marching to the front, to the sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals, and to prisoners of war. The list of versions now includes names of 390 distinct forms of speech. Twelve new languages had been added during the past year—six for Africa. The Bishop of St. Albans and the Rev. Dr. Timothy Richard spoke. The latter mentioned that he was the first of two missionaries that came back alive from Corea. Cheng Ching Yi, an assistant reviser of the Mandarin Scriptures, also gave an address.

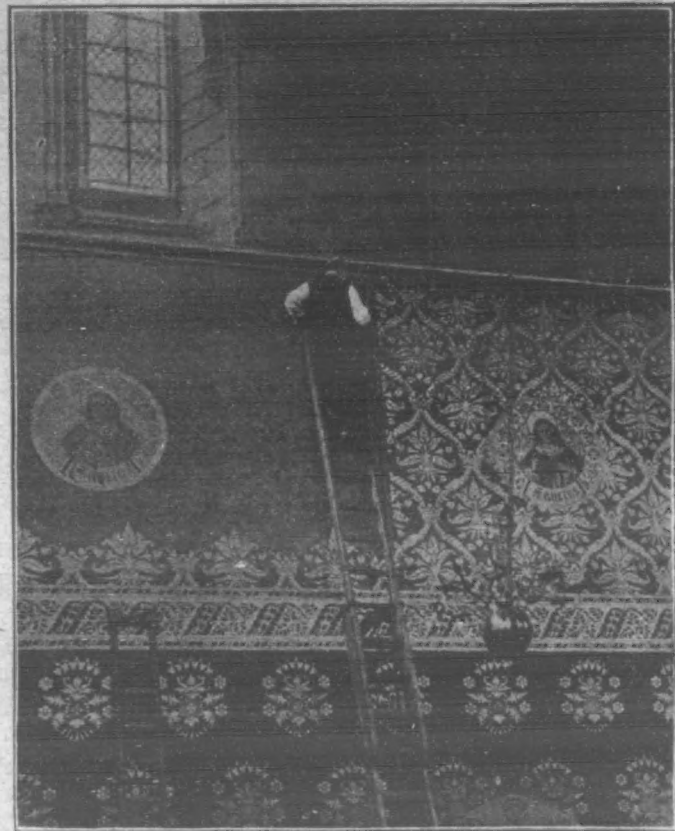
The Y.M.C.A. and the War.

The Emperor of Japan is giving 10,000 yen (£1,000) to the Young Men's Christian Association, which has followed the armies in the field and opened recreation and reading tents.

Caravanning With a Purpose.

The Rev. W. Carlile of the Church Army, writes under the above title in the Quiver for April, and describes the life led by the evangelists on their tour in the Church Army vans: Three men form the staff of each van, and they make it their home, winter and summer, frequently not sleeping under any other roof for months at a time. The chief occupant is one of our fully commissioned evangelists, who has given himself to the service of the Master in seeking and saving the lost sheep. Each evangelist has gone through a course of training, lasting about three years, principally in practical work in vans, labour homes, pioneer missions, and other forms of activity, and including a period spent in retirement and spiritual and intellectual training in our training home in London, and winding up with a solemn service of admission to the office of a "reader" in the Church. His chief requirement, more even than eloquence and "pulpit power," is a burning love for the souls for whom Christ died, and a keen desire to bring one and all to the Saviour. The evangelist's companions and assistants are young "cadets" in training previous to becoming fully commissioned evangelists, and this portion of the training is found most useful in testing vocation and power. For although in fine weather van life is pleasant, in cold and wet weather there is much to try the patience and endurance of the young recruit. It has more than once happened that inmates of vans have been awakened in the night by finding their beds covered by a sheet of slowly melting snow. There are plenty of minor trials to be borne cheerfully. For instance, horses and cattle seem to think that a van is a new arrangement devised for their comfort, and come in the dead of the night to rub themselves against it, causing it to rock violently to and fro, and the junior cadet has to get up and drive them away. On one occasion an errant pig contrived to get its hind leg jammed

in the spokes of a wheel, and the manner in which it expressed its dissatisfaction effectually murdered sleep until the creature was removed.



Photo, Smith.

A VICAR DECORATES HIS OWN CHURCH.

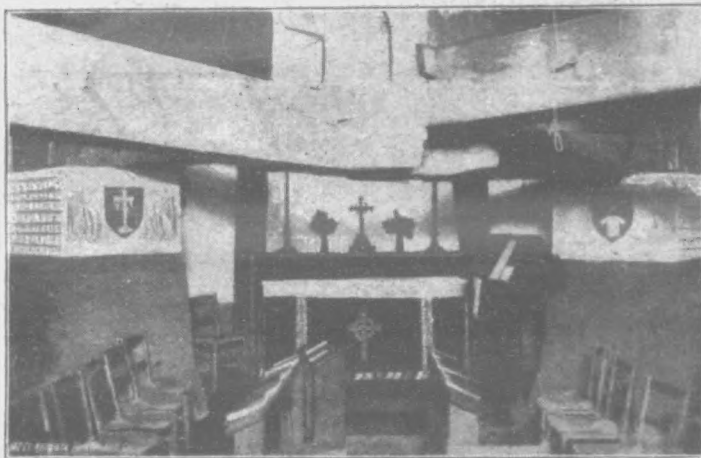
The Rev. J. H. Lewthwaite, of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, vicar of one of the poorest parishes in London, has recently saved his church £300 by gilding his own chancel. The vicar had a few lessons from a professional, and soon became expert. He is a man of extraordinary energy, and his church is not a penny in debt, although it lately spent £3,000 on restoration.

The Crime of the Churchwardens.

The Rev. A. N. Cooper, of Filey, is the only incumbent in England not allowed to nominate a churchwarden. The right was withdrawn from the Vicar of Filey many years ago, when the churchwarden sold the lead from the church roof to buy food for starving parishioners.

A Nun Elopers.

An up-to-date elopement took place the other day at Grave, a little town on Lake Como. One of the youngest and prettiest sisters in a Catholic convent fled in the night with her lover, who is the son of a wealthy banker named Rosasco, of Turin. A rope ladder and the marks of an automobile wheel's under the convent wall (says the Chronicle's correspondent) clearly indicated the means of escape employed by the young lovers. The young nun—or rather probationer, for she has not yet taken the veil—is 23 years of age, and had entered the convent four months ago, it is said, against her will. The automobile was traced as far as Como, but as the lovers are both over age no legal proceedings can be taken against them.



Photo, Frith.

This picture shows the interior of the curious church in a mill on Reigate Heath.



SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE MAY MEETINGS AT EXETER HALL.



A SUPPRESSED PICTURE POSTCARD: This Russian cartoon shows a peasant working at the plough for seven classes of people, each of whom has a spoon in hand.

Raffling for an Estate.

A curious direction was left in the will of the late Mr. W. H. Mainwaring, of Carlton, in the Colony of Victoria. The property is to be divided into six equal parts and numbered. Numbers corresponding to the portions are to be placed in envelopes, which are to be drawn from a box by the testator's six children. Each one will retain the portion of the estate corresponding with the number drawn in the envelope.

Curious Cricket Accident.

During a cricket match at Hanley (Staffs.), on Saturday, two men ran for a ball, with the result that their heads came together with terrific force. They were both rendered unconscious, and had to be carried off the field. One of the men is now in a serious condition, suffering from concussion of the brain.

Lady who Charms Birds.

During a lecture delivered at Oxford by Miss Edith Pitcairn, photographs thrown on the screen showed the lecturer in her garden at Haslemere, with birds perched on her fingers. She knows all the birds in her garden so well that they answer her call when she utters their pet names.

Cheating at Croquet.

Happily the days are past, or nearly past, says the *Gentlewoman*, when cheating at croquet was almost a recognised part of the game, and when, indeed, it was considered the chief part of the fun to cheat—when trailing skirts would conveniently roll the ball into position for its hoops, and when reigning "belles" and flirts in crinolines and pork-pie hats endeavoured to add to their charms in the eyes of the croquet-playing curate by their giggling and laughter over their successful cheating at silly garden-party croquet. Yes, perhaps taken as a general rule, croquet is played more sensibly now, but, at the same time, if the style of cheating described above has ceased to be popular or considered clever, cheating in other and in more serious ways is not by any means unknown.

An Artist's Life Secret.

A remarkable case of double existence has just come to light at Sori, near Genoa. Some five years ago an Austrian painter of some note, named

Anton Hermann, took up his residence in apartments in the best mansions of the town, and had lived there ever since, much esteemed for his talent and character. The other day the painter died, and next day Prof. Gartner, of Innsbruck University, arrived, and formally notified the authorities that the dead artist was his sister, that her real name was Emilia Gartner, and that she had assumed masculine garments in imitation of Georges Sand and Rosa Bonheur. So incredulous were the

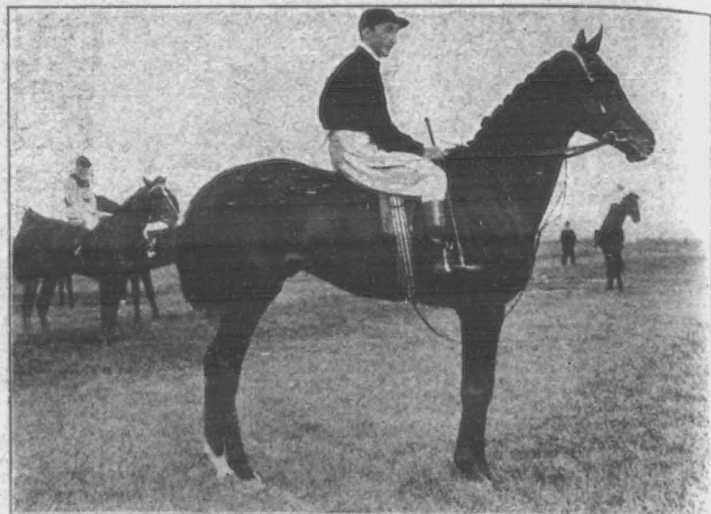
ments, a very large transfer of prisoners has taken place from Dartmoor Prison during the past month. Portland Prison will now be made the residence of those adult prisoners who are not habitual gaol-birds, and have only one conviction against them. Dartmoor will contain a large proportion of juveniles, who will be subject to special treatment with a view to their reclamation. Various trades will be taught them, and other privileges granted, with the object of assisting them to lead an honest life upon their release. Those prisoners who are serving long terms of penal servitude are also to be classified, and will be subject to different treatment, with a view of mitigating as far as possible the evils resulting from long terms of isolation from the outside world.

13 at the Races.

Vedas, the horse which won the guineas at Newmarket, has saved the reputation of the number 13, which is generally considered to be so unlucky. Vedas was 13 on the card, his rider drew berth No. 13, it was the 13th race Vedas had run in, and, to exhaust the subject, his starting price of 11 to 2, when added together, makes 13.

The Romance of the Wash-Tub.

From small things spring important events. Nowhere is this worn adage better exemplified than in laundries (says the writer of an article entitled, "Secrets Held by the Laundry," in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* for April). The wash-tub is not suggestive of



VEDAS, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket last week. H. Jones-up.

be a master of detail, yet in every plot there is one thing that he almost invariably overlooks—he forgets to obliterate traces of the ownership of his linen. There is an ex-cashier, now in gaol, who owns his incarceration entirely to a laundry. Having embezzled a considerable sum of money, he fled to the provinces, not daring to risk a trip abroad. Before his departure he forwarded his linen to be washed, and as the manageress was turning it over she

his shirts meant a loss of hundreds of pounds to him. He explained subsequently that he had jotted down on one of his cuffs the melody of a song which he was unable to recollect.

R.A.'s Race Against Time.

In an article on the life and work of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, in *Cassell's Magazine* for May, it is related that the first picture the famous R.A. exhibited was "Wishart's Last Sacrament in the Castle of St. Andrew." Mr. Orchardson had conceived the idea of the picture, but had scarcely sketched in the outlines in charcoal when a friend called on him. "What is the picture going to be?" he asked. Mr. Orchardson explained. "It's a fine subject," he said. "What a pity it is you did not begin it in time to send it to the Academy!" "Do you think so," replied Mr. Orchardson. "I'll do it for the Academy." "But you can't," said the friend. "There are barely three days before the last day for sending in." Not three days before the picture must be finished and sent in, and, except for a few charcoal outlines, the canvas was untouched. Mr. Orchardson picked up his palette and his brushes, and began to work. The afternoon faded into the dusk. He paused to shut the shutters of the studio and to light the gas; then he went back to his canvas. His sister came into the room. He told her what he was doing. "I'll stay up with you to-night and give you coffee to keep you awake," she said. When daylight came, Mr. Orchardson opened the shutters, put out the gas, and kept on working. All day long he painted, scarcely pausing to eat. Evening came; he shut the shutters, lighted the gas, and went on working. His sister was too tired to sit up with him. All night he painted without the aid of coffee to keep him awake. In the morning he put out the gas and opened the shutters as before. In the afternoon his friend called. Mr. Orchardson was painting the hand of a soldier which was to grasp a halbert, though the weapon was conspicuous by its absence. "The picture must go in at once," said the friend, "or it will be too late." It was literally dragged away from the artist, and sent to the Academy, the halbert still absent. The picture was accepted, and later on, before the Exhibition was opened, the halbert was painted in. For two nights and three days Mr. Orchardson had never left the face of that canvas, yet before going to bed he put on his hat and went for a five-mile walk.

The photograph of Sir William Arrol, M.P., which we published in our issue dated April 22, was by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, the well-known photographers, of 55 and 56 Baker Street, London, W.



THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM.

In the back row are A. R. Gehrs, W. P. Howell, W. W. Armstrong, F. Laver, A. J. Hopkins, and P. M. Newlands. In the second row are R. A. Duff, C. Hill, V. Trumper, J. Darling, M. A. Noble, C. E. Macleod, and J. J. Kelly. In front are seated S. E. Gregory and A. Cotter.

authorities that only after formal identification of the body was the death certificate issued. Even in her mannishness, however, Fraulein Gartner, who was sixty years of age, displayed something of the woman. She had two sets of whiskers—one for dress occasions, and one which served as the whisker ordinaire.

More Prison Reforms.

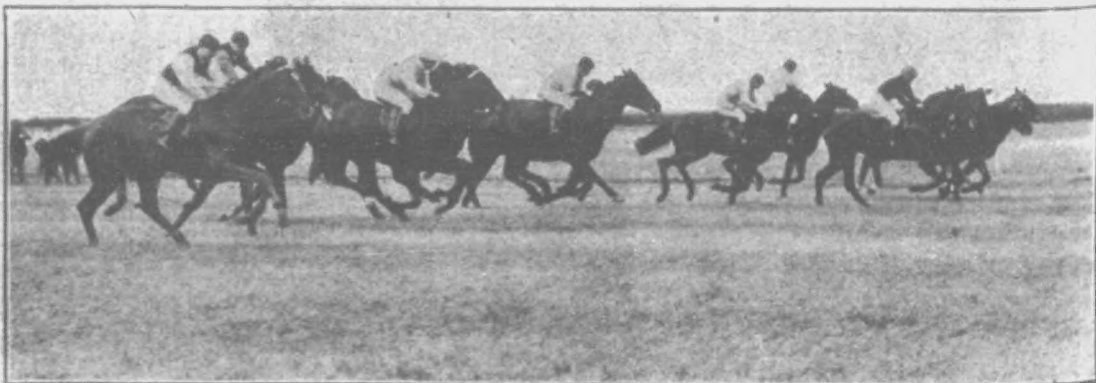
In consequence of a new system of classification, which is being brought into general use in convict establish-

ment, yet many romances centre in it—those in which criminals are hunted down, those based on the eternal theme of love and passion, and even comedy is not absent. In the laundry is seen the detective hot on the trail of some notorious villain; the despairing wife, seeking a clue to the whereabouts of her missing husband; the distracted genius, demanding his shirt because of the cuff of one of them he has pencilled a memorandum that is worth a fortune to him. Yet day after day, hour after hour, notwithstanding that in the tubs there may be pieces of linen which would serve to unravel a great mystery, or lay bare a precious secret, the soap-smeared women, betraying neither excitement nor curiosity, go on rubbing and rubbing and rubbing. In the archives of the police are dossiers of scores of malefactors who have been brought to justice through their linen. The skilled criminal may

noticed an address pencilled on the cuff of a shirt. There was apparently nothing extraordinary in this, but the customer was known to take especial pride in the cleanliness and glossiness of his collars and shirt-cuffs, and never before had pencil-marks been observed on his linen. Concluding, therefore, that the address might be wanted, the manageress wrote it down in a book. And wanted it was. The next day a detective stepped into the laundry. He took the address, and the absconding cashier was under lock and key within a few hours. Writing on shirt-cuffs is a bad, and not infrequently dangerous habit, even to honest citizens. The workers in a laundry in South London were startled one morning by a dishevelled-looking man, who, in piteous tones, begged for the immediate return of his soiled linen. On hearing that it was in the steaming copper, he raved as if possessed, declaring that the washing of one of



A RELIC OF THE DAYS OF MONKS AND FRIARS: An old monastery at Poole, which is now being used as a greengrocer's shop and stables.



The race for the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket: Off.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

THE COLONIAL CRICKETERS.

We have gained an early and very vivid impression of the prowess of our Australian visitors, whose play against the Gentlemen of England at the Crystal Palace clearly indicated that there is trouble ahead for the English counties, and very probably for England in the test games. The Australians made no attempt to win a game they could not possibly have lost last Saturday—Joe Darling preferring to give himself and his men some batting practice rather than declare his second innings closed and trying for a victory in the opening game of the tour. Whether this is cricket is open to doubt. Personally, I am of opinion that participants in any match to which the public is invited should endeavour to obtain a definite result.

I am not prepared, however, to go to the extreme lengths that a writer in a popular morning paper went to last week-end. He characterised the Colonials as an ultra-scientific, plodding, machine-like, tiresome lot, to witness whom was a bore—or words to that effect. Now there is much truth in the argument that the Australians are scientific cricketers, and many of them are alike in style. There is no Jack Lyons, Geo. Bonner, or S. P. Jones in the team; and, unless Darling lets himself go, we are unlikely to see that sporting style of batting, which, as a leaven, is so refreshing to the onlookers.

But of the skill of the Australians there can be no question, and the true lovers of cricket can get as much pleasure out of watching Trumper, Hill, Noble, and Duff as they can from seeing Jessop in full swing. That Noble and Hill can hit was amply shown at the Palace. The first-named by scoring

162 got the first century of the tour, while Hill came close to three figures in each innings, his contributions being 87 and 93. Darling also did extremely well, and after a long-deferred appointment to the captaincy his demonstration and retention of form is most gratifying. Of Cotter's powers as a bowler we have not yet had sufficient chance of judging, but we have seen sufficient to show us that he has got it there.

He is one of those well-set-up youngsters who never appear to tire. Of the medium height, he is a stocky youth who is of immense value to a side, for, whether hit or not, he wears the same old cheery face, and when that special one of his comes along, then it's "look out, human." He told me a few days ago that he had not, so far, had proper practice owing to the soft wickets, but if the weather continues as at present he should have nothing to complain of on that score.

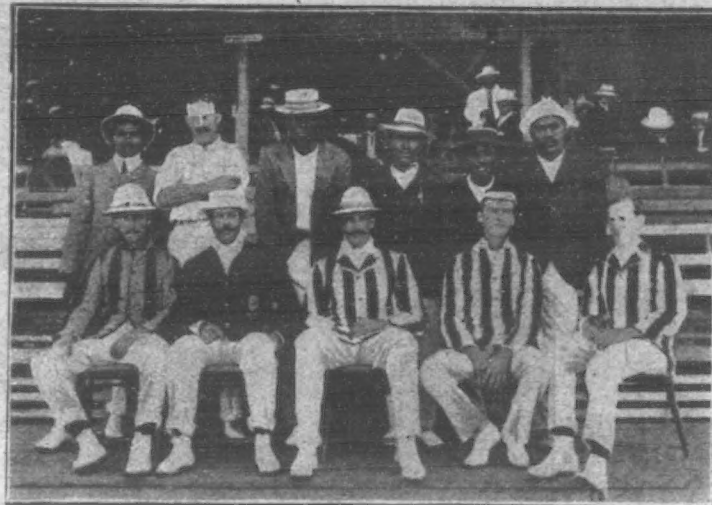
The Australians made a terribly bad start in their first match against an English county. This was Nottingham, and such batsmen as Clem Hill, Trumper, and Duff were dismissed with only 14 on the board. But the Australians are a team of parts, and it is not a little singular that during every tour where one man fails another comes off. It was so at Nottingham, for the unaccountable failure of the three cracks referred to led up to a great stand by Noble and Armstrong.

The ease with which the pair made runs seemed one to wonder what the others could have been up to to get out in such simple fashion. Noble might have been out when 11, but the wicket played easily, and after he had

been missed he hit well. However, the premier honours belonged to Armstrong, who was not dismissed until he had scored 112, the second century of the Australian tour.

He drove with great power, and reached his 100 after batting for two hours. His dismissal was effected by John Gunn. Darling, Newlands (who kept wicket owing to Kelly being in town with Gehrs, who was indisposed), and Cotter reached double figures; and, after a disastrous start, the Australians wound up very well by scoring 286.

County cricket is just getting into swing. Surrey gained an easy win over Essex last Saturday, and Yorkshire overwhelmed Somerset, the main factors in the big victory of the Tykes being Rhodes, Denton, and Hirst, the former of whom made 201—the highest score in his career. It is to be hoped that his



The "All Trinidad" team of cricketers, which has twice defeated Lord Brackley's eleven.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Herne Hill Harriers held a most successful meeting on the ground of the Sutton Football Club last Saturday, the entries being good and the sport first-class. A feature of the meeting was the success of the Finchley Harrier, A. E. Burberry, who added to his recent successes by winning the 300yds. and running second in the sprint.

The last event fell to the Civil Service "Soccer" player, F. E. E. Turner, who, in the colours of the S.L.H., passed the judges first in 10sec., his start being 6yds. The local 100yds. went to F. C. Frost, of Croydon, but he took 15sec. to encompass the distance with a 4yds. push-off.

Burberry's win in the 300yds. was achieved from the 21yds. mark, and it is interesting to note that it is his fifth first prize in fourteen days. Evidently he is a trifle more than useful. J. E. Deakin and F. H. Hulford, both of the Herne Hill Harriers, ran a mile and a half match, and the former won without much trouble. The half-mile open handicap went to E. C. Barry of the promoting club. E. J. Hurley won the walk, and the mile local was secured by P. L. Parker.

Splendid weather favoured the Polytechnic's first meeting of the season. The Herne Hill track was the one that found favour with the authorities, and sport on the whole was good, although no open events were coloured on the card.

The proceedings opened with a quarter-mile handicap. T. W. Evans, who had the useful start of 50yds., won this cycle sprint, and then a race a wheel at the distance of a mile was decided, and the final produced a splendid contest. F. G. Curlew, whose start was 100yds., just won by inches from W. T. Coudery, with H. Wilson third.

Seven riders had entered for a one-hour motor-paced race, with which was incor-

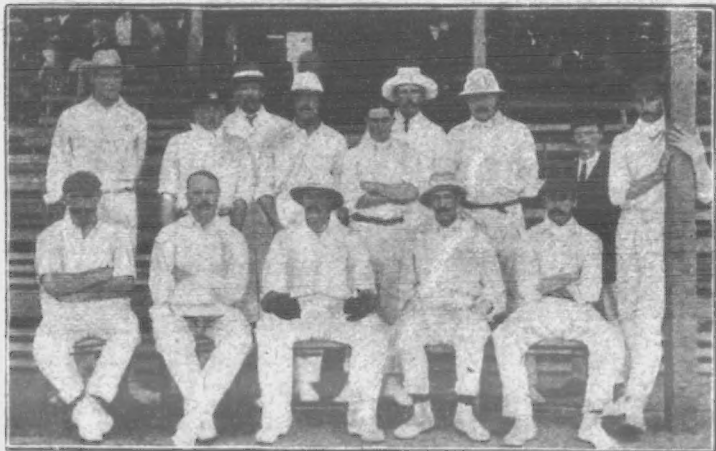
porated a sealed handicap, but only four started, these being J. M. Poncione, W. C. Le Grys, H. T. Maiden, and F. Durban. The first-named pair cut out the work at the start, and the race practically lay with them throughout, for though both met with mishaps, Poncione through a puncture, and Le Grys owing to his pacer going wrong, nobody else had a chance with them, and Poncione won by covering 29 miles in the sixty minutes. Le Grys was second with 28 miles 10 yds.

The Ewell Cricket and Football Club sports were brought off on the cricket ground, and the usual success has to be registered. Mr. A. M. Walters, the famous footballer, was one of the stewards. The local 120yds. was secured by E. Gurney, the club hurdler by C. G. Lewis, the mile by A. E. J. Southwell, the steeplechase by M. M. Barker, and the mile flat handicap by S. E. Hudson, of the Ewell F.C. The other events were of minor importance.

BILLIARDS

It is rather late in the spring to still be talking billiards, but the forthcoming great match between H. W. Stevenson and John Roberts on the 22nd inst. is keeping interest alive. Mitchell, whose judgment I have every respect for, is reported to have said that Roberts has the better chance of victory, as his form so far has not been his best. But if Stevenson is at the top of his form, I fancy he will take all the beating Roberts can give him.

REMEMBER the Black Beetles, horrid things, and be sure to tell Cook to well sprinkle the floor near the fire-place last thing at night with KEATING'S POWDER, the unrivalled Killer of Fleas, Beetles, Moths; also Nits in children's heads. Harmless to animals. So'd only in Tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. New Filled Tin Bellows, 9d.—[ADVT.]



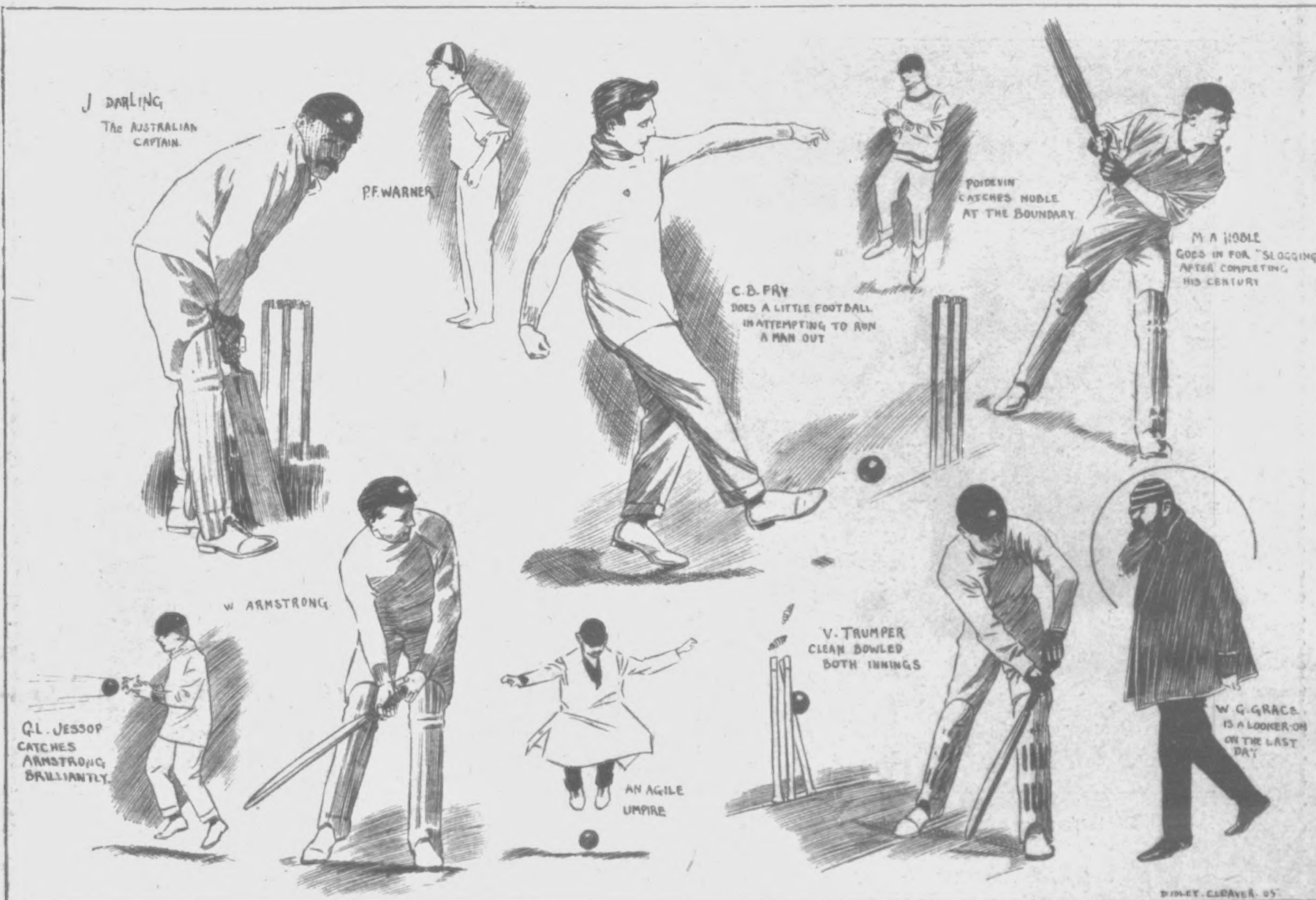
Lord Brackley's cricket team, which has just concluded a tour in Trinidad.

Mr. K. Oliverre, St. Vincent's best bat, without whom no West Indian team would be complete. He is a brother of the well-known Derbyshire player.

batting triumphs will not affect his bowling powers. We shall want him in the "test" matches.

One of the finest performances so far this season was C. B. Fry's 156 against M.C.C. at Lord's last Monday. The Sussex captain played brilliant cricket against such fine bowlers as Thompson, Tarrant, Trott, and Jack Hearne, his driving being as powerful as ever. Hayward played very well for 58 for Surrey against Hampshire at the Oval, and Hirst again demonstrated that he can bat by hitting up 86 for Yorkshire against Gloucestershire at Bristol. The 'Varsities have been busy with their trial games, but otherwise there is nothing of more than common interest to record.

DON'T LOOK OLD. With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]



GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIANS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: Special "P.L.P." sketches.

❖ ❖ "THE LANDLADY." ❖ ❖
AN AMUSING CHARACTER SKETCH IN PHOTOS.



Her spirits are so volatile.
They quickly come and go.
But, strange to say, when hers are high
Her lodger's downward go.



While carefully brushing her lodger's clothes
She gathers her news by stealth;
And somehow she knows his business
As well as he does himself.



Her lodgers may order their breakfast at eight,
But she knows how to manage the men;
With a smile she says, "I'm a little late,"
As she calmly walks in at ten.



Skilful at making out the bills,
She swells them bit by bit;
The items and the extras
Make many a lodger flit.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Men afflicted with shyness often abstain from dancing, I believe, simply because they are unaccustomed to a ball-room, and do not know how to proceed on entering it. Frequently a kind hostess—if she thinks her guest knows but few people—will at once lead him up to some of her girl friends, and will introduce him to them.

Etiquette of the Ball-room. "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" is the recognised formula, and if the maiden declares herself to be already engaged for it, he may inquire further, "Can you spare me one later on?"

Upon gaining her acquiescence he can ask permission to inscribe his name or initials upon her programme, and write her name down on his own card—or if programmes should not be in use he will find his left-hand shirt-cuff a very satisfactory substitute, and can initial there the name with the number when he has settled it with his new acquaintance. When going to claim her for the dance he will say simply: "This is my dance, I believe?" and offer his arm, and when it terminates he can procure refreshments for her or find her a cool resting place until the next dance is about to commence, when, arm in arm, they will return to their place of rendezvous.

Nowadays men adopt sometimes an offhand and rather free-and-easy method of settling these matters; but no matter how well they may dance, or how great an acquisition they may know themselves to be on such an occasion, still courtesy from a man to a woman is never out of place, and he who wishes to be popular must take the trouble first to be polite.

The Shape of the Nose. The shape of the nose is a thing which troubles all of us, more or less, at some period of our existence. Whatever shape we have, we feel that we should have been better pleased if it had been formed according to some different pattern; this is on the principle of always wanting what we do not possess.

In speaking of this or that feature, we often say that Nature has given us this or that; the remark is correct, as a rule, but persons who possess a short nose may make a mistake in saying it. As a matter of fact, it can be shown that the nasal organ might have been longer, in hundreds of cases, if attention had been paid to it earlier in life. The shortness of growth in these cases

is due to some trouble with the organ of smell.

When a child speaks in a peculiar manner, when it finds some difficulty in breathing freely through the nose, then an examination should be made. Some children have, to all appearances, a perpetual cold, manifested only by "stiffness," but the real state of the case is that they are suffering from adenoids, or some other trouble that can easily be remedied.

The importance of being able to breathe freely through the nose cannot be over-estimated; one of the greatest men in history said that the power to take in plenty of breath through the nasal organ meant a clear brain, clear lungs, and a clear heart. Your success in life, as well as your personal appearance, may be spoiled by an impediment which to some people seems of little consequence.

Adenoids will sometimes prevent the growth of the nose, and the afflicted person may grow up with a very stubby specimen. A case of this kind came within our own observation not long since. A small boy was afflicted with adenoids, as it was afterwards discovered, and the discovery was made through taking him to an expert in Harley Street in order to ascertain why the child's nose did not grow. An operation was performed, and the medical man enjoined a kind of massage of the organ several times a day, with a view to increasing the size of the nose as the child increased in years. In order to explain to the little one what to do, as "massage" was too big a word, he said that he must pull his nose. Every day the father, on returning in the evening, asked the seemingly strange question: "Have you pulled your nose to-day?" One evening he received the startling answer: "No, papa, auntie pulled my nose for me!"

Hair Cutting. The hair is a natural protective. Hence, the hair of young boys should be allowed to remain somewhat longer in the winter than in the summer. All children are not equally able to resist cold.

Chilling the head is often the means of setting up neuralgia, headache, and catarrh. Anyway, it is utterly absurd to keep all parts below the neck as warm as possible and totally neglect the region whence issue the nerves governing the body's highest functions—a region fulfilling all the duties that make the difference between an intellectual being and an oyster.



Photo, Bain.

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE.

Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, who has just become the bride of Mr. J. C. Phelps Stokes, the American millionaire.

Soak gelatine in sufficient cold water to cover before adding it to jellies or creams. **Hints for the Cook.** Before boiling milk always rinse out the saucepan with cold water, to prevent the milk from burning.

Mix pastry several hours before it is to be rolled out, and much labour is saved. It should stand in a cool place.

When making mayonnaise, sauce select a very cool place for the purpose; if made in a hot kitchen it is apt to separate in the process.

Tomatoes should be skinned before being added to a salad. To do this, place the tomatoes in a basin and pour boiling water over. Drain off at once, and the peel is easily removed.

"Over Again." If I had my time over again, I would— That remark, which really amounts to a wish, is so common that we all recognise it without difficulty; we would all do so differently if we could only begin again! Of course, we mean if we could begin again with the knowledge acquired through failure and experience; but when we utter the sigh with which we usually conclude, we forget that very important condition.

Taking the matter in the only possible way—that is, that we wish to live our life over again, taking a fresh road and passing through other experiences—how many of us would really desire it? We all imagine that it would be a grand thing to begin again, but our minds are running on the pleasures, or we are deluded by the idea that we should be bound to avoid every mistake in the second attempt to pass through life. When we sit down to argue it all, and realise that life is bound to contain much that is disagreeable, we are inclined to alter our opinion. In any condition of existence there will be pain and worry mixed with the pleasures; that is our destiny, and we should be prepared to face it bravely.

Reflections of this nature teach us two things. Firstly, they show us the advisability of careful action, in order to avoid the very mistakes which we deplore and which cause us to utter the words with which this note begins. Hasty and wilful acts, outbursts of anger that might have been controlled, and numerous other causes of misery may be thus avoided. Those who have passed the meridian of life may yet escape fresh unhappiness in this way, while those who are glad in the dawn of years may reap benefit by profiting by the experience of others. Secondly, the lesson is that we do our best as we go along to relieve our neighbour and we make the very best of such good things or times as fall to our lot, for these will enable us to minimise the effect of the disagreeable occurrences that may befall us.

Steep spent tea leaves in water for half an hour, then strain, and use the **Varnished liquid** for washing painted, oil-cloth, etc. It requires very little exertion to make the articles clean and bright by this means. Tea must not, however, be used for unvarnished paint.

REQUIRED: Two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, one egg, and a little salt and cayenne pepper.

Work the butter into the flour, and add the grated cheese, season nicely. Make into a light paste with water, roll out thinly, and cut into strips about five inches long and an eighth of an inch wide. Bake carefully in a moderate oven till crisp, taking great care that they do not burn.

When a Kidderminster carpet shows signs of wear, it may be easily strengthened. To Strengthen a Worn Carpet. Get a piece of strong material as nearly matching the carpet as possible, and cut from it a patch a quarter of a yard larger all round than the hole or weak place in the carpet. Make some moderately thick flour paste, and brush it over the new material, which should then be laid in position at the back of the carpet, and ironed upon until dry.

REQUIRED: Some cooked fish, a tablespoonful of rice, some potato, pepper and salt, one egg, half a pint of milk, breadcrumbs and frying fat. First cook the rice in milk till it is quite soft and the milk absorbed, add to it the flaked fish and a little mashed potato. Season all with pepper and salt, and add about half of the egg. Form all into little balls, brush over with the egg, dip into breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat till a golden colour. Serve hot with a good garnish of fried parsley.

REQUIRED: A pound of lambs' sweetbreads, one egg, fine breadcrumbs, one ounce and a half of butter, one onion, thin rashers of bacon, fine herbs, pepper and salt.

First trim and wash the sweetbreads, put into a saucepan with enough water to cover, add a small onion and some sprigs of herbs. Boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Drain the sweetbreads, take away the skin, and leave till cold. Season the breadcrumbs with pepper and salt, and cut the sweetbreads into rather thick slices. Dip each piece into beaten egg, then into breadcrumbs, and fry them very carefully in the butter. Have the bacon cut very thin and in pieces three inches long; fry these, then fold a piece of sweetbread inside each slice. If gravy be required, make it with the water the sweetbreads were cooked in, and serve in a sauce-boat.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS.

It is better, one's nurse used to tell one, to be good than pretty. This, however, as we grow older we find to be a partially fallacious statement so far as social success is concerned.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

A FASHIONABLE crowd is almost invariably bad-tempered. People jostle each other vindictively, and preserve a stony, icy stare the whole time. A man at a dance seeking his partner in the crush will not hesitate to push past women in a way that would probably shock his barbarian ancestors.—*The Lady*.

The Current Vogue. Just at present children are all the fashion, and no self-respecting young matron goes anywhere without her olive branches in full view.

Those who have no children to parade buy a toy dog or a marmoset, and are presumably just as happy. We live in an age which wants to be thought affectionate.—*Madame*.

We are within a measurable distance of a servants' famine in famine. A wife who has been trained to household work is much better than one who has spent her youth in reading novels, bicycling, strolling in the park, and attending to "society." It is not at all certain that a servants' famine would not be a good thing for the country.—*The Graphic*.

English people are in a continual state of being shocked. Anything human, naked, personal, seems to shock them. The truth about anything shocks them if it is not dressed up in a form of words which cloaks the fact. We mustn't speak of all sorts of things which decent French women recognise as being part of life.—*Longman's Magazine*.

A CHARGE often brought against the frequenters of women's clubs is that of gossiping and scandal-mongering, though this fault is just as prevalent, if not more so, in men's clubs. If too much "tea and talk" be occasionally indulged in, it is better than too much whisky and late hours—things not entirely unassociated with the clubs frequented by the sterner sex.—*The Queen*.

It was a wise and right thing of a well-known duchess, who gave a charity concert the other day, to pay all the artistes.

Vicarious Charity. Too often hard-worked professionals are bound to give their services because society demands it of them, and their earnings depend on that same society. Among a large number of actors and musicians it is a great grievance that their services should be so often called upon for the purposes of charity.—*Hearth and Home*.

THERE are certain people who will tell you that the present extravagance in dress, the love of dining at restaurants rather than at home, the wearing even in the daytime and on comparatively unimportant occasions splendid jewels, and the extreme freedom of manner which distinguishes certain English girls are one and all owing to American influence. And it must be conceded that in the matter of living there was plenty to be learned from the fair invaders who have so successfully stormed and conquered London society.—*Town and Country*, New York.

If the crinoline comes, the most courageous of women will have to wear it. She will begin by declaring that nothing will induce her to adopt so meaningless and so hideous a fashion; and for several weeks, no doubt, the knowledge that she possesses greater courage than other persons will sustain her as the ball-rooms and reception-rooms become every day more crowded with silk-covered cages and Venetian-blind contrivances for the nice disposition of steel-ribbed skirts. But the weeks will go on, until one day, in the utter desolation of her unfashionable prettiness—it is impossible to contemplate the end without emotion.—*The Spectator*.



Photo, Dinkum.

MISS MARIE HALL, who is now appearing at the Queen's Hall, London.

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ready for wear. When rolled, washed with a soap. Always
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A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

READ THIS FIRST.

John Steel, a docker, and his family are turned into the street by an alien landlord. Steel joins an unemployed anti-alien procession and collects for the funds. Lieutenant Richard Grenville (commanding H.M. Destroyer *Kennet*), who is standing on the pavement with his newly-made bride, to whom he has just been secretly married against her father's wishes, drops a sovereign into his box, and, with profuse thanks, Steel passes on.

A riot takes place, started by a foreigner, and Grenville is arrested for assault, and the hordes from London's slums swarm in the street.

A discussion between one Captain Roon and Captain Mahler shows all Germany's plans for an invasion. Mahler visits the Ambassador, who sends him with a code telegram to the Kaiser. An answer comes back. That answer contains but one word: "Strike!"

And they strike. London becomes a great battlefield, and the Bank of England is captured.

TORPEDOED!

He called the sub-lieutenant. "These gentlemen," he said, indicating the colonel and a couple of junior officers who had been saved with him, "will go into the wardroom. The men will go forward. Put two men over the wardroom and half-a-dozen forward, and if there is the slightest trouble, let them shoot. They are prisoners of war, and will be treated as such."

The orders were obeyed, also further instructions that the ports should be covered with tarpaulin aft and forward, so that the prisoners should not be able to see anything. "They can amuse themselves by guessing the position," said Grenville.

He drove the *Kennet* stealthily ahead, and, in obedience to his orders, made for Dover harbour, now dimly visible in the dispersing fog.

A strange stillness was over everything. There was no sign of preparation for the mail service, no ordinary bustle on the pier.

He rang the engines to slow and steamed in cautiously towards the land.

"Three big liners here!" he said in a low voice to the sub-lieutenant.

"Shoving troops ashore!" replied the junior.

"And the *Deutschland* had more regiments on board," added Grenville. "There were four steamers together, and they got separated in the fog."

"Yes, that's the theory," agreed the junior quietly.

"I'm glad we nailed her," commented Grenville. "What shall we do here?"

He had meanwhile slipped away, unseen, for, as he steamed up, the entire energies of the people on board the German ships were bent on the landward side, where swarms of boats were being filled with troops and rowed or towed ashore. For the moment peril from the sea appeared to be forgotten. It was a link of carelessness in an almost flawless chain of craft, calculated planning.

"We could run in and set a torpedo

go," said the gunner. "We couldn't miss the hulker nearest us." She'd be as easy to hit as a cathedral—and they haven't seen us. We could be in and out before she knew what was happening."

"But she bristles like a row of palisades with her guns," said the junior. "And we should be broadside on."

"Most of her troops will be landed by this time," said Grenville. "I should like to rush in—but I must get round to Chatham, and we may be glad of the two torpedoes. There's no doubt about the truth, eh?"

"There are three German liners disembarking German troops at Dover. I'll swear to that. I've got keen eyes."

"And I saw swarms of boats running between the shore and the ships," said the gunner.

"I have seen what is happening in London," added Grenville, "and it does not need a genius to put the two here and the two there together and make four of 'em. There's an actual invasion of England at last! By heaven! But it's been cleverly planned and cleverly done! Let us say that in common justice, however dirty the trick may seem to be. We've been a nation of disbelievers long enough. Will this convert us? Now I'm going as hard as I can lick for Chatham."

He drove the *Kennet* full speed ahead and joined the Medway flotilla, according to his orders. Then he made a strange discovery.

The telegraphic service had been disorganised and destroyed; telephones had been made useless, and there had been no actual direct communication with London for many hours. That something of the gravest importance was afoot was known, that the nation was in the throes of an unexpected and unexampled struggle was assumed, but it was not until Lieutenant-Commander Richard Grenville had landed his prisoners and made his report that the sorry truth was known, and that England was at last to learn the bitter lessons of an actual invasion, and to know what it meant to have the horrors of war at her very doors.

THE CRIPPLED NORTH.

When the truth of the matter became fully known it was found that simultaneous blows had been struck at every vital part of England—London itself, the centre of Government; Dover, a great port of call and fortified harbour, from which so much had been expected; Southampton, another great seaport, but impotent for defence; and the North of England.

The judgment of the invaders as to the most vital parts of the kingdom to be attacked and crippled had been wisely shown. Of the far-reaching results of a blow at the capital even the most sceptical person was aware, but there were few who had given the North a thought.

There were, indeed, in London alone, unnumbered thousands who knew of the North only by repute. Of

petty Continental towns and their cheap attractions they could speak glibly, and they could with ease bore the listener with dull details of European picture galleries and wax eloquent on the iniquities of European servants.

These and countless other trifles were matters of pride and passion for discussion; but of the vast industrial regions of the North country they affected ignorance, although in most instances the affectation was based on solid grounds. It had been no part of their education to learn anything of importance concerning their own country.

Even at the Universities more value was attached to the dead languages than to the living people of the land in which the students dwelt. Effete professors, links with the unprofitable past, instilled their useless knowledge into the somewhat unresponsive minds of their charges.

And yet there were centres of wealth and commerce like Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford and Hull, in Lancashire and Yorkshire alone, to say nothing of the minor towns in these two counties. Here was a vast and teeming population whose lives were unknown to the Londoner, whose very language was a mystery to him, and whose concerns never aroused his interest.

Again the foreigner knew more of home affairs than the Englishman. He was aware of the enormous importance to the United Kingdom of the huge industrial concerns of the North, the manufacturing and merchant businesses of the West Riding of Yorkshire; the wool trade of Bradford, the cotton trade of Manchester, the steel trade of Sheffield, and the far-reaching interests at stake in Liverpool and Hull shipping. He knew that here was a vital part second only to that of the capital itself, for here were individual concerns employing as many as five thousand hands, and a man was of but secondary importance who found weekly work for only five hundred human beings.

Here in the two great Northern counties the foreigner had recognised his possibilities, and had infected the districts with his insidious poison. He knew the strength and bitterness of the primitive peoples who inhabited many of the remoter manufacturing districts, and the blunt, rough, crude feelings of even the ordinary operative who had enjoyed the dubious advantage of a free school education and nothing beyond it. He knew and appreciated to the full the intense hatred of the pure-bred Northerner, descendant of the sturdy dalesmen, farmer, hand-loom weaver and operative for generations, to foreigners pure and simple, and he traded ruthlessly on his knowledge. And he fathomed, too, the deep abiding love of the Yorkshireman and Lancastrian for everything that was purely his. He understood, as few Englishmen in the South understood, the real character of men like John Steel, and he put his knowledge to the most unscrupulous use. He pitted aliens against the home article, he encouraged the growing hatred of the homely Northerner of the foreigner who had been dumped down in his midst and was literally taking away his living under his very eyes. This animosity to the alien he knew to exist throughout the North of England, from the Tyne to the Humber, because he had taken care to plant the seed of discontent and to foster its growth. He calculated on an alien rising being almost as comprehensive in the North of England as it had been in London.

In Leeds alone thousands of aliens were employed in the wholesale clothing trade, and while according to their own dim lights and scanty wants they prospered, Englishmen and Englishwomen were unemployed and starving. In Manchester the same condition of affairs prevailed, to an even greater extent; in some of the colliery districts alien labour had been introduced, while in Hull and Liverpool the alien sailor was as well-known as the home-bred article—to the general public he was better known, since it was he and his kin who mostly kept the magistrates employed. And the helpless state of the Northern counties from the point of view of national defence was known to the foreigner. He knew that on the Yorkshire coast alone, as on the Lancashire, there were half-a-dozen absolutely unprotected places where he could make a landing; he knew that the Volunteers in the North had been more than decimated by official neglect and contempt, and he knew that there were two military districts comprising the great manufacturing towns which were chaotically incompetent to afford protection in case of emergency.

There were disreputable buildings



Photo, Hutchinson and Stevens.

MISS ETHEL OLIVER, who played Miss Marie Studholme's part recently in "The Orchid" at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

known as barracks, which were useless for military purposes; there was a system known as the territorial system, under which regiments allocated to certain districts had never been quartered in those districts since the system came into operation in 1881; and there were regiments in the two Northern commands which were regiments only in name. Not even the General Commanding Officer could call them more than skeleton battalions.

It, therefore, came about that while Dover and Southampton were being seized another flotilla of German liners was on its way across the Yorkshire coast; while for the reduction of Liverpool a Flying Squadron was speeding with all haste round the north of Scotland for the Mersey.

This was the identical squadron which had visited England not long previously and had made good use of its friendly opportunities to learn many things of value. British officialism had made its task of acquisition as pleasant and easy as possible.

The transports which were crossing the North Sea consisted of what was known as the Second Maritime Line, the first being the swiftest ships like the *Deutschland*, and the second the slower vessels of the Hamburg-American and the North-German Lloyd companies.

Amongst them were the *Pictoria* and her sister-ships, huge commodious craft, which, while capable of carrying great numbers of troops for a short sea journey, were also able to steam at a considerable speed.

This Second Maritime Line did not

sail until some time after the First Maritime Line had left. Like the First it was sent across the North Sea unescorted by warships. The invaders were running a supreme risk; but at all costs their battle-fleets were to be left free and untrammelled for those desperate meetings with the British Navy, which all men, even in Germany, knew to be inevitable.

From the starting-point of the Second Maritime Line to the objective, the landing-place on the English coast, when the open sea was reached, was a distance of nearly three hundred miles, and it was a straight line westward. At twenty miles an hour, which the Line was making, the run would occupy fifteen hours.

The flotilla sailed at noon, and at five o'clock on the following morning it appeared off the Yorkshire coast.

It had left death and destruction in its track, for just off the German coast it had encountered one of the steam fishing fleets from England, which are always at work, throughout the year, on the North Sea banks. This fleet was at work with its trawls down, the vessels moving slowly through the water; and was inoffensive and incapable of defence.

Accompanying them was a little gunboat, an obsolete vessel of the Royal Navy, engaged in what was ludicrously called "fisheries protection." She was imperfectly armed, and, as a fighting weapon, was of no value whatever; and her officers were unaware of any trouble with a foreign nation.

In the darkness of the night the gunboat was attacked by the passing



The annual May-day parade of the Croydon Corporation's horses and carts. Snapshot by an old "P.I.P." reader.



The latest photo of the smallest elephant in the world, Jumbo Junior, now performing at Hengler's Circus, London.

German ships, and under the fusillade of small shot she was destroyed.

Of the trawlers which were fishing near her half-a-dozen were sunk, and others at a distance were damaged, many of their crews being killed or wounded.

The Second Maritime Line vanished as strangely as it had come. Its commanders set to work to finish their task, and now on the peaceful coast at Scarborough, in the quietness of the grey summer morning, steam-launches and boats were thick upon the water, running between the ships and the shore with troops.

This was the first landing on English soil of German soldiers, picked men, from the other side of the North Sea; but almost simultaneous with it was the disembarkation of troops at Dover which had been so mercilessly interfered with by Lieutenant Richard Grenville.

THE FIRST MARCH OF THE INVADERS.

When the swoop on the Yorkshire coast had been completed it was found that there was a force of twenty thousand men of all arms in readiness for the march towards the industrial heart of the north. The body was not vast, but it was powerful and complete; more than that, it was a little army of picked officers and men, every one of whom burned with patriotism for the Fatherland and an insensate hatred of Great Britain. Of the officers there was not one who did not know England, or some part of it, well; of the men most had worked in this country, many for nothing, to the great benefit of themselves and the disadvantage of the British clerk in particular.

For the time being the presence of the force was unknown beyond the immediate locality, for all communication with the capital was destroyed, and London was too much overwhelmed with its own terrors and perils to give a thought to the provinces.

The object of the East Coast invasion was to paralyse and hold the North as far as the West Riding. This was to be accomplished by a swift march inland, across the sparsely-populated country, by way of York and thence to Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Sheffield, and the smaller towns. Simultaneously a descent was to be made on the West Coast, but this was

to be a descent in force, a debarkation under the guns of the First Active Fleet of Germany.

Starting from Scarborough, where not so much as a small garrison of occupation was left, the invading force pressed on without opposition, keeping to the high road, and leaving no article of food behind it. Such things as the troops themselves did not need were destroyed, so that nothing should be left for the support of home defenders.

The head of the invading column was some miles inland before the rear left Scarborough, and the dusty highway was choked with men and horses, guns, and ammunition and store waggons. That part of the North country is rich in horses and cattle, and every horse was taken, every beast was killed or captured, every farmhouse was ransacked. Death and destruction marked the advance of the column, which was like some gigantic beast of prey crawling over the fair face of a smiling county.

So that the landing should be effected with the least delay, few horses had been conveyed across the North Sea; but the invaders had rightly calculated on securing a number of serviceable animals, which should answer the purposes of a small mounted force. A proportion of the invaders were skilled riders.

From the very nature of its purpose the column could not show mercy, and it gave none. Its policy was one of complete obliteration of all such enemies as could be a source of danger. For this reason many farmers and agricultural labourers, who, curious and incredulous, hastened up to the invaders in the belief that they were a British force carrying out peace manoeuvres, were made captive and arrogantly questioned as to the country and its resources, then shot, and left where they fell—and that, too, without remorse by men who were the product of a universal military system which had brutalised them all, without exception.

By way of many peaceful villages and hamlets the invaders reached Malton, and there a halt was made at the end of a forced and rapid march of twenty miles.

The news of the advance had been carried to the old market town by a motorist, who, driving towards the coast, had seen the head of the column. Strange rumours had by that time reached the interior of the terrible

happenings at Scarborough, and a panic had seized Malton and other towns to which the rumours had spread. The motorist had voluntarily reconnoitred, had proved his suspicions and the truth of the wild reports, and had then raced back to Malton, raised the alarm, and was now driving furiously to York to warn the general officer commanding the district there.

Hopeless though opposition was, there were not wanting sturdy Yorkshiremen who refused to move from homes which had been their fathers' before them. Some of these, indeed, with the help of some old fowling-piece or more modern weapon, told a little tale of death before they were themselves destroyed.

One farmer, riding towards the high road from an outlying field, and seeing the road dense with troops, halted in amazement, and remained motionless in his saddle, a heavy riding-crop grasped in his strong hand.

Near him was a tall swaggering officer of infantry, who sprang over the hedge which separated him from the farmer, and asked a question as to the locality.

"An' who are you that you should talk to me like that?" said the farmer slowly.

"You will soon know," was the savage reply. "For the present, answer my question."

"This is my field," said the farmer dauntlessly. "Who you are an' what you want here I neither know nor care. Get back to that other side an' into the road."

Livid with passion the officer drew his sword. "I will beat an answer out of you with this blade," he declared, raising the weapon as he spoke.

The farmer stood up in his stirrups, and with all the force of his body swung the riding-crop round in a slanting blow. There was a thud and a groan, then a crackling of rifles, and the farmer tumbled from his saddle to the ground without so much as a cry. He fell at the side of the officer, and the two were left lying there until the rear guard should come up and dispose of them, for the merciless blow of the farmer had descended on the temple of his interrogator, and proved as fatal as the bullets with which the farmer was riddled.

The column swung on.

"There is no going back," said a subaltern grimly. "We are in the



Photo, Campbell Gray.
Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, in his new nautical song at the London Coliseum.

enemy's country at last, and our brave general has spoken truly in warning us that our only hope of life lies in death—the death of these people who have never in modern times known what it is to have warfare in their midst. It is a glorious beginning. We have already won a splendid victory." He broke into an enthusiastic singing of "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles," and the men of his company, from sheer excitement, joined in, not knowing what they did.

When Malton was reached the sleepy old town was like an abode of the dead. Every man, woman, and child were gone—all who could walk or ride or drive or could be moved. Afterwards, the same evening, the town itself was fired and wrecked, and while the flames and smoke rose in the dark, still night, the invaders resumed their march towards the ancient capital of the county.

(To be continued.)

A Training-Ship Officer and

DR TIBBLES'

VI-Cocoa

"WORK A PLEASURE BY USING VI-COCOA."



Mr. J. SMICGETT, Captain of the Holds Writer, H.M.S. "Katoomba" Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, writes:

"I am serving in H.M.S. 'Katoomba,' which ship is acting as training-ship for the Commonwealth Navy, as Captain of the Holds Writer. Of late we have been very much over-worked on account of enlisting for the Australian Navy, knitting up the men as they join, and serving them with bedding, &c. Besides all this, which would find work enough for one man ordinarily, I have to keep all accounts of water used in the ship and all provisions drawn and issued to the ship's company. I have to commence work at 5.30 a.m., and am very often at work until pipe-down, which is 10 p.m. My office is situated in a very confined space, it being under the water-line in the main hold; the consequence is that I do not get the proper amount of physical exercise and due proportion of fresh air.

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